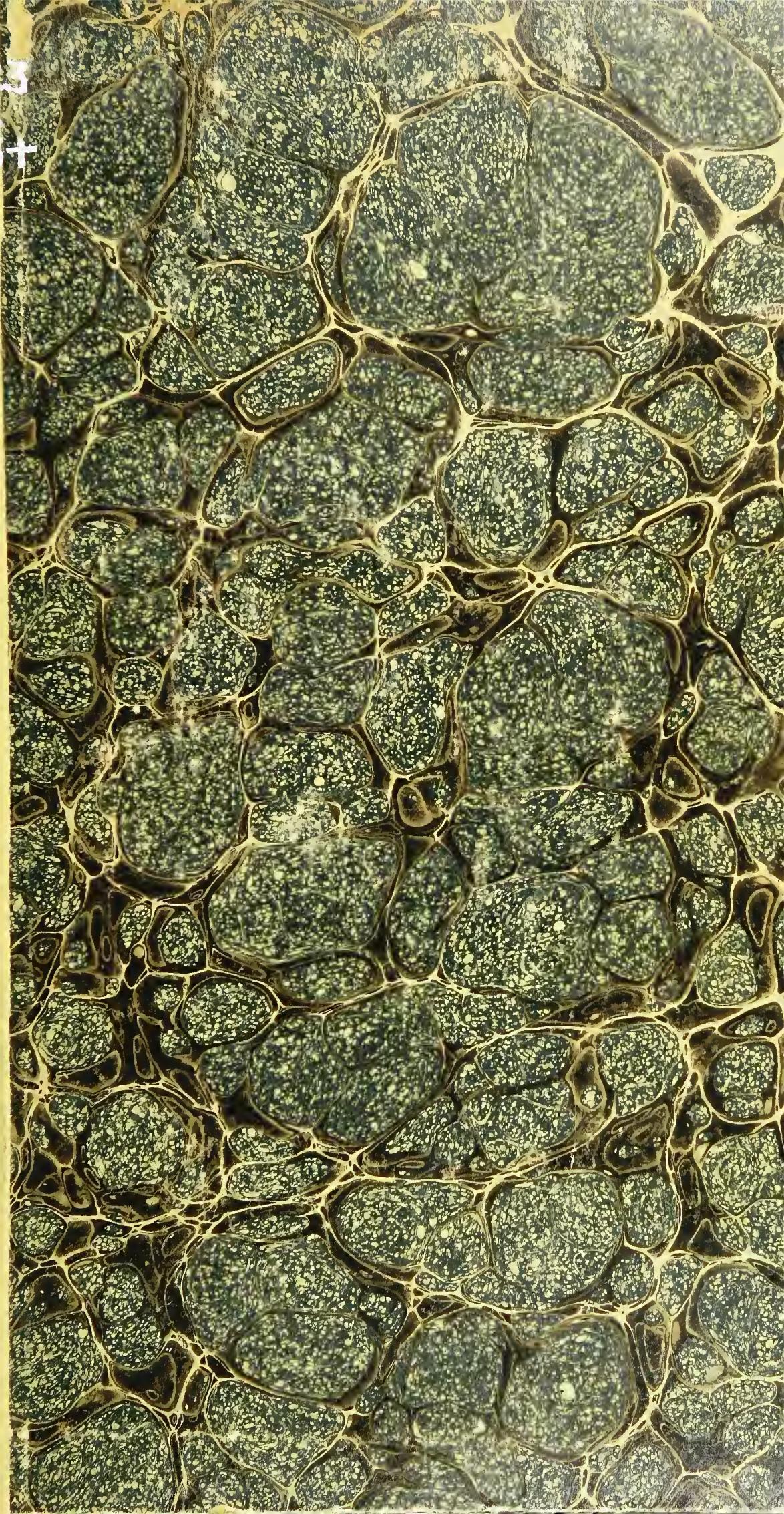


Shakspeare Festival.



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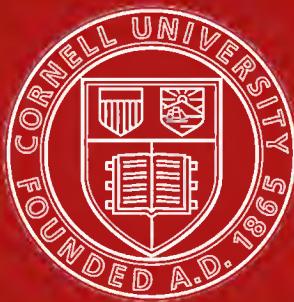
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Number 472

The SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL

A Community Celebration on the occasion of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of William Shakspere Consisting of a *Pageant* Depicting Some Scenes from the Life and Times of the Dramatist; the *Performance of "Twelfth Night"*; and an *Address on the Universality of His Works* & & Given at Newark, Delaware, on April Twenty-eight & Twenty-nine, Nineteen Hundred & Sixteen & & Under the direction of the *English Department of Delaware College & The Women's College of Delaware* & &

Pageant: Frazer Field
Play: Opera House
Lecture: The Oratory

*“These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.”*

—I Henry IV, III. i. 1, 2

FOREWORD

FORTUNATE is this part of the Western world. Europe is in the throes of the most senseless and the most deadly war of modern times; America is free, tranquil within her own borders and at peace with the warring nations. England, our mother country, in the hearts and homes of her people has suffered the horrors of war, even though the "*armed hoofs of hostile paces*" have not yet bruised the flowerets on her soil. Private grief leaves no room for public commemoration. Were England not now engaged in bitter conflict with a sister nation, she would be celebrating the glories of the brightest star in her literary firmament; to America, far-distant in leagues but close in sympathy of race and language, has been reserved the honor and responsibility of paying due respect to the memory of the immortal Bard of Avon, Shakspere, the poet of England—the poet of the World.

Three hundred years ago the Sweet Swan of Avon
made

*“those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James.”*

America was then in its infancy. To Shakspere it was a strange unpeopled country, the possibilities of which had been but timidly sounded. Today, in hamlet and city, from sea to sea, the descendants of English men and women—some of whom he may have known—revere his name. As through the years our country has grown to be a great nation, so the fame of Shakspere has spread here and in all other parts of the world. His own age, of course, little realized that one of its bright lights would shine thereafter with so great a radiance. With Matthew Arnold, we may exclaim,

*"And thou, who didst the stars and sun-beams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secured,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at."*

But Shakspere's own England, the America which was then but a dream, and all other nations have long since

ceased to question. With varying degrees of popularity, Shakspere's plays have lived through the ages. The music of his verse and the splendor of his imagination and the greatness of his thought have been expressed, through the imperfect medium of the translator, in more than thirty tongues. It has been said that he was both of an age and for all time. He was likewise for all people. For where the means of communication makes it possible, Shakspere is read and acted. And here in America, as elsewhere, we think of his plays as embodying lastingly in beautiful language the deepest feelings and the loftiest conceptions of the human soul.

Genius is ever inexplicable. Psychologists and scientists have done much to explain man—the normal and the abnormal. The super-man has so far been beyond their grasp. To them and to us laymen it is given in the final analysis but to wonder and revere. Shakspere the man, the poet, the dramatist, has yielded much to seekers after truth in details of character, of imaginative insight, of selective and constructive skill. He was a man among men, a gifted poet in a great creative age, a dramatist who took the best of that which all men knew and moulded it to his liking in the crucible of his constructive talent. But of that which lay beneath character, beneath poetic and constructive talent, of the informing spirit which gave Shakspere the power to hold the world of men as in the hollow of his hand—to see and feel, to think and act with Romeo or Desdemona, with Othello or Cleopatra, with Falstaff or Beatrice—of that heaven-sent gift which enabled him to understand and interpret human nature as no other man has done, the mystery is open not to mortal eye.

W. Owen Lypard

THE PAGEANT

PROLOGUE

To all gentle men and fair ladies here assembled to commemorate with reverence the passing of that most honored poet, William Shakspere, we render greeting. And that we may not be found remiss in offering something that should be a token of our regard for him, we here submit to your gentle consideration such parts of the story of his life as have seemed most apt for this occasion. Here you will find presented in song and dance and pageantry all that befell the poet during those years wherein his genius was unfolding; of which the enactment doth fall easily into three parts, the first being the story of the little boy, the second that of the young man, and the third that of the playwright. Receive our pageant graciously, we pray you, and whether you find in it some semblance of the truth, or whether all be merest fancy, forbid it not. Forget today, and live once more with Shakspere.

PART THE FIRST

Whist!

From the woods,

From the dells,

From the forest dark,

There's a whisper, a stirring, a sound,—O hark!

Do you hear the tinkle of fairy bells?

The leaves of the forest are rustling green,

The morning is misty, with silvery sheen,

And the dewdrops are glittering bright,

When over the hill

And out from the trees

The hobgoblin fairies come swift on the breeze,

Swift from the shadows of night.

And they dance,

And they laugh,

And they sing, hol hol

And down in the glade where the wind flowers blow,

There's a music sweet,

With a magic beat,

And a twinkling of myriad tiny feet.

*The hobgoblin
fairies enter*

Then with a shout of fiendish glee
The mischievous Puck calls company
To a diabolical prank.
And the hobgoblins plot
A mysterious thing,
They choose a spot,
And they weave a ring,
Where the rushes are growing rank.
Nobody knows and no one can tell
Half the enchantment of that spell;
But round and round,
Without a sound,
They weave a circle on the ground.

*They weave a
magic ring*

*whereby woe
shall come to
mortals.*

*A company of
children enter
the glade to
play,*

*perceive the
fairy ring,*

*and wonder at
its meaning.*

*They accost a
troop of milk-
maids,*

The gentle sun shone merrily of a morning, and the little birds, whereof the leaves of the forest do shelter each warbler, brake into song, when from over the hill came a company of children trooping, seeking to disport themselves in the wood hard by the town of Stratford. For it is ever the custom of children to be up and a-doing, ere the greedy sun hath licked the dewdrops from the grass, or yet their elders have oped a sleepy eye.

So it was that both boys and little girls, of every age and fineness of dress soever, ran hand in hand down an high embankment whereby Nature had closed in as fair a dell as hath ever been given children to discover. But scarcely had they entered into this rushy glade when they perceived a strange thing, whereof they knew not the meaning, for in the very heart of the fair meadow there lay a great circle, of a dimension whereto they knew not the equal. Nor could they devine the substance whereof it was made, for there appeared not any thing which would bewray its workmanship, neither by whom nor of what it was created, but only an unnatural greenness of the grass.

And as they marvelled over this thing, there came that way a company of milkmaids, and with them a goodly number of village swains, for even as it doth behoove the milkmaid to be up betimes and to her task, so is it seemly that the swain should greet her as she goeth, for of a truth, Love will allow no sluggard. And as this company tripped blithely to their labors, singing a gay ballad whereof the first line doth run, "There came a Duke a-riding," the little folk stopped them and enquired of them what might be the meaning of this strange thing which they had but lately

perceived. The which when they saw, the maidens cried out, saying, "Of a certain, it is a fairy ring." (For maids have ever a wisdom in the ways of fairy folk, having attained thereunto, no doubt, by their furtive pursuit of those charms that do incite to Love.)

*who explain
the nature
of the ring*

Now when the children heard this, they were the more eager to know further of it, but none would tell them more. "Nay, but hush," quoth the maidens, "tis a witchery. Talk not of it, lest the spell seize you." Whereupon they did let fall the continuance of the matter and applied themselves to other pursuits, as the playing of certain games in the manner of the day, wherein they both sang some old ballad and enacted the story as the melody progressed.

*and warn the
children to
beware of it.*

*They then play
certain games,
until*

It befell, as they were in the midst of the revelry of such a game, that there was seen coming from the village, somewhat tardily, the little *Will Shakspere*, a comely lad, and merry as a bird on a bough. And when the children had greeted him and made of him their number, they showed him the fairy ring, accounting before him the while all that the maidens had related.

*Will Shakspere
enters.*

"By my troth," quoth he, "an I be so affrighted at them which I have never seen, let me be called a coward and worthy of bewitchment!" So saying, he stepped boldly inside the ring, and straightway fell down under a spell. Perceiving the which, all were seized by a sudden panic and speedily betook themselves off, ere ever they might give succor to him upon whom so strange a calamity had fallen.

*He defies the
enchantment of
the fairy ring,
and is bewitched.*

*The children,
terrified, run
away.*

Then down from the wood,
And up from the glade,
And out from behind every tree,
Come the naughty hobgoblins, who prance
As they dance,
And shout with a devilish glee.
And they gather together,
A fiendish crew,
And they plot such a thing
As a goblin can do.

*The hobgoblins
return, and
gloat over their
captive,*

But O! what sound is this that steals
So sweet along the forest glade?
Ethereal music soft reveals
Majestic presence, unafraid.

Titania comes!
With a shriek,
With a run,
The hobgoblins scatter, and everyone

*but scatter upon
the approach of
Titania.*

With a leap,
With a bound,
Rushing headlong, pell-mell,
Disappears in the wood with a terrified yell.

And then, with rainbow tints of rarest fancy,
Amid the lights of twinkling silvered feet,
Titania comes, in beauty iridescent,
With flash of fire, and music breathing sweet.
Her robe is star-shot, and from out her tresses
A jewel glances with a tender flame,
And deep within her misty eyes, the secret
Of hopes men love to dream, yet dare not name.

But when she sees the boy she pauses, startled,
Swift teardrops dim the crystal of her eyes;
She weeps, and all the leafy glade is silent,
Save where the treetops stir with rustling sighs.
But see! With rhythmic mystery of motion,
And tender music throbbing, piercing sweet,
The fairies dance, and break the wild enchantment
With tracings sinuous of magic feet.

And now they give him gifts, unfold the secret
Of whispering winds that mourn across the lea,
Reveal the spot where brightest sunbeams linger,
And point the wistful beauty of the sea.
The dancers pause. Titania, shimmering, mystic,
Bestows a gift, all other gifts above,
And from the sleeping soul she makes a poet,
Of rarest promise and immortal love.

Then hushed and still,
Across the hill
The fairies steal away;
The shadows fall,
The wee birds call,
And night enfolds the day.

PART THE SECOND

A company of youths and maidens enter, singing.

It was a May morning, that time when roses are most fresh in dew, and the dainty nightingale greets the jocund day with plaintive melody. Scarce had the sun peeped over yon wooded crest when there came from the town of Stratford a gay company of youths and maidens, purposing to celebrate those revels whereby it was ever their custom

to usher in the May Day. And as they came tripping merrily, they sang a festal song, whereof the matter, though of little moment, is herein ended :

*"Ye country maidens gather dew,
While yet the morning breezes blow ;
The fairy rings are fresh and new,
Then cautious mark them as ye go.*

*Arise, arise, the night is past,
The skylark hails the dawn of day ;
Care, get thee hence, from this place fly !
For mirth rules here this morn of May.*

*Ye youths who own love's ardent power,
To yonder shelter's bank repair ;
There seek the early opening flower
To deck the bosom of the fair.*

*Tho' ages end and manners fade,
And ancient revels pass away,
I hope it never will be said,
Forgotten is sweet Flora Day."*

When that they had reached that part where the meadow reacheth out in fair and open smoothness, "Of a truth," quoth one, "this is a goodly spot; I entreat you, join me in a dance." And when they questioned what it should be, the lad replied, "Faith, I care not. Let it be Gathering Peascods an ye will." Thereto all right heartily fell into the measure with such good will that it seemed that their gaiety urged on their feet to dance, and their dancing ever provoked their gaiety.

They join in a dance.

Will Shakspere enters, returning from the hunt.

The sheriffs approach

and arrest the young Shakspere for poaching of the deer.

Sad indeed was that company that an occasion so fraught with ill omen should serve to cause suspension of their mer-

*The Morris
dancers enter.*

rymaking, and I doubt not they would then and there have retired to their homes without further thought of the May revels, for the youth was a great favorite among them, had they not heard from far the fiddling of a band of minstrels such as are wont to usher in the Morris dancers. And ere long appeared the whole number of the Morris-men, in order as follows:

First, six foresters, clad in Lincoln green, each with a bugle horn attached to a baldric of silk; and after them

Robin Hood, attired in a grass-green tunic, his head bound with a garland of forest leaves; and then

Little John, walking at his right hand, and at his left, Friar Tuck, with his quarter staff. Then came

Six of the jolly outlaw's attendants, and after them

Four maidens, in bright coloured kirtles, strewing flowers; followed immediately by

Maid Marian, elegantly habited in a turquoise tunic, reaching to the ground, decked with gay flowers, her fair hair falling into many golden ringlets upon her shoulders; then came

A company of maidens in attendance; and after them, closing up the rear,

The Hobby-horse and the Dragon.

*Maid Marian is
crowned Queen of
the May, with
song and dance.*

And when that the youths and maidens of the village perceive the approach of the merry band, they straightway run to greet them, and setting Maid Marian on a gay throne, after decking her with vari-coloured garlands, they crown her the Queen of the May, making the forest echo with their gay singing and laughter as they dance before her.

*Shakspere re-
turns, scribbling
a mocking verse
writ against
Lord Lucy,*

And now the young Shakspere returns slowly from the village, still smarting from the chastisement suffered at the behest of Lord Lucy for the encroachment of the game preserves; and as he walks he scribbles a mocking verse, writ in derision of my lord, wherein he doth make sport of the Lucy arms, being three lutes rampant argent, after this fashion:

*Who seeks a hart
In yonder part
Of Lucy's wooded farms ?
How could he wish
To catch a fish
'Mid baily's hoarse alarms ?
Alas ! the youth,
Abused in truth,*

*Knows not the clodpate's arms;
For instead of meeting a noble hind,
Three louses rampant shall he find.*

And indeed, so hot with rage was the young scribbler that, not content with reading of the ignoble lines to the villagers, he needs must stick them on a nearby tree, where every passerby might scan them over.

which after reading, he sticks upon a tree.

But now the green foresters made good haste to set up the May Pole, amid the reiterated acclamations of the spectators, after which both woodsmen and maidens danced about it according to their custom, weaving in and out the vari-coloured ribands wherewith the pole was bedecked, the Hobby-horse prancing and curveting before the populace the while, and the Dragon hissing horribly.

All then join in the May Pole dance, during which

Anon in the midst of all this revelry there entered my lord Lucy, and after watching for a time the villagers making merry in their rustic sports, he turned as if to go, when his eye chanced upon the ballad stuck upon the tree; and after reading of it, he straightway fell into a passion and demanded that the author be clapped into prison. And of a truth, there might have ended the adventures of this young man had not his father, hearing all the circumstance, come running from the town, and at his heels she that had been Anne Hathaway but was now the wife of Shakspere, together with the little girl Susanna. And the father, being a man of some importance, persuaded upon Lord Lucy that his son be released upon the promise that he should be taken to London and apprenticed to a trade. Whereupon Lord Lucy departed with his attendants.

Lord Lucy returns and reads the verse.

He demands that the youth be clapped into prison, but the boy's father, entering with Anne Hathaway, obtains his release.

Anne Hathaway weeps at this promise of departure. The Morris dancers go off. Shakspere leaves for London.

But here Anne Hathaway set herself to sobbing and scolding and so disturbing the company generally that the Morris dancers, unable to abide her complaining longer, betook themselves to another part, and of a truth the young man Shakspere himself was fain to shake her off and leave quickly with his father to take up his journey to London; whereto Anne Hathaway followed him with her eyes, until, at the urgency of the little Susanna, she stumbled blindly whither the tinkling of the Morris bells led her.

PART THE THIRD

Now it befell, as the years rolled by and the reign of her most gracious Majesty, Elizabeth, grew ripe in splendor, that there were held throughout the length and breadth of merry England rich festivals, whereby the lords of the realm sought each to shine in his sovereign's favor. And with this intent, my lord the Earl of Southampton, having courteously implored the Queen to do him honor with her presence, repaired with a goodly number of his followers to a fair spot within the confines of his estate. Nor had they scarce taken up their position there when the blast of trumpets announced the near approach of her Majesty, together with her court, in order as follows: first

The Earl of Southampton enters, to await the Queen, who arrives with all her court.

Four youths, strewing fresh gravel to renew the roadway; and after them

Eight heralds, richly clad in red and silver; next

The Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, attended by two lords, one of whom carried the Royal scepter, and the other the sword of state; following them

Sir Walter Raleigh, alone; then

The Ladies in Waiting, with the Mistress of the Wardrobe at their head; after them

Two pages; and immediately thereafter

Her Majesty, the Queen, attended by her footmen and the members of the Royal Guard; and last

The Lords and Ladies of the Court.

All this procession approached the great staircase, at the foot of which waited the Earl of Southampton, and as the Queen advanced, all knelt in obeisance. But close by the head of the stairway she halted, in dismay, for before her was a spot of mud where a heedless gravel-strewer had failed of his duty. Yet hardly had she paused when Sir Walter, coming quickly forward, flung down his great embroidered cloak, that the Queen might cross thereon, whereat her Majesty hesitated, blushed, and passed quickly over. And at the head of the great stairway Southampton met her, and having greeted her, led her to the Throne of State, a little to one side of the enclosure.

Sir Walter Raleigh performs a gallant deed. Southampton greets the Queen,

and summons Shakspere.

A court dance ensues.

Then was a page sent to fetch the writer Shakspere, the Earl being his patron, who was to play with his company of actors before the Queen; and while that his advent was awaited, certain Lords and Ladies danced before her Majesty, following the steps of a quaint old measure.

After which, the poet Shakspere entered, and after him his company of players ; and there, in the presence of the Queen and all her court was played the new comedy of *As You Like It*, whereof the story is told hereafter.

The day being now late, the company here broke up, and the Queen, accompanied by her court, with all the villagers and children thronging to attend her, rode off triumphantly in festival procession.

*Shakspere enters
and presents
As You Like It.*

*The company re-
tires in procession.*

*Here
endeth
the story
of the
Pageant*

Gertrude E. Brady

AS YOU LIKE IT
THE SCENES OF THE PLAY
All Scenes are in the Forest of Arden

I The exiled Duke with Jaques, Amiens, and other Lords, is enjoying a carefree existence in the Forest.

II His daughter Rosalind, disguised as a shepherd boy, in company with her cousin Celia, and the jester Touchstone, arrives at Arden, and finds her lover, Orlando, whom she playfully persuades to pay her court.

III Touchstone makes love to Audrey, a country wench.

IV Further love passages between Rosalind and Orlando.

V Orlando has been promised by his shepherd boy acquaintance that the real Rosalind will shortly appear. Touchstone and Audrey present themselves as bride and groom before the Duke, Jaques, and Orlando, and a moment later Rosalind comes and is warmly greeted by her father and her lover.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Duke of Burgundy, <i>living in Banishment</i>	F. E. Proctor, '19
Amiens, <i>a Lord, attending upon the Duke</i>	L. G. Mulholland, '16
First Lord, <i>attending upon the Duke</i>	I. H. Boggs, '19
Second Lord, <i>attending upon the Duke</i>	G. H. Ferguson, '19
Jaques, <i>a Lord, attending upon the Duke</i>	E. E. Ewing, '19
Rosalind, <i>Daughter to the Duke; disguised as a man, Ganimed</i>	Amelia Leichter, '19
Touchstone, <i>a Clown, attending on Celia and Rosalind</i>	J. G. Craig, '19
Celia, <i>Cousin to Rosalind; in disguise, Aliena</i>	Grace Rono, '19
Orlando, <i>younger Brother to Oliver</i>	E. E. Plumley, '19
Audrey, <i>a country wench</i>	Alice Jefferis, '18
Oliver, <i>eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys</i>	H. W. Ewing, '17

A
PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie

CALLED

TWELFTH NIGHT

or

WHAT YOU WILL

Written by W. Shakspere

and

Plaid publiquely by the Students

of the

Colleges of Delaware

1916

“Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc’d it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as ’t were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.”

—Hamlet, III. 2. 1-27

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

"If Music be the food of Love, play on."

Viola and her brother, Sebastian, have been shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria. Separated from him, and thinking that he has been drowned, she determines to strike out for herself and seek her fortune in this strange country. From the Captain, she hears of Duke Orsino and incidentally of his suit for the hand of the fair Olivia. Disguised as a boy, she obtains preferment in Orsino's court. Viola as the boy Cesario soon wins the confidence of Orsino; at the same time, with the heart of a woman, she conceives a strong love for him. Orsino, however, not knowing that the boy is other than he appears, tells Cesario of his passion for Olivia and sends him to woo her—although as Viola says, "Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife".

In the house of Olivia, Viola meets several opposing forces of varying importance. Sir Toby Belch, Olivia's kinsman, and Fabian, a retainer, encourage Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a knight of great fortune and of small sense, to press his suit for the favor of the hard-hearted lady. Malvolio, the Steward, full of self-conceit, is tricked by Maria into the belief that Olivia is in love with him. To his deception and to his later discomfiture, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Fabian, Maria, and Feste, the clown, all contribute. The greatest obstacle to the success of Viola's suit in behalf of the Duke, however, lies in the sudden liking for Viola which springs up in Olivia's heart

* * * * *

*"But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres."*

The opposition which Sir Andrew makes to Viola's suit culminates in a duel. Antonio, a sea captain, who had saved Sebastian from drowning, comes on the scene just in time to protect Viola, whom he mistakes for Sebastian, and to prevent possibly serious results. Viola cannot understand the references to a rescue from the sea and to favors shown

to her by him. The true Sebastian meanwhile has met Olivia, who now declares her love for him, suggests the proper offices of a priest, and is married to him all in an hour. Confusion worse confounded results when Feste and the rest mistake Sebastian for Viola, Olivia mistakes Viola for Sebastian, and the Duke is led for a moment to think that Viola has betrayed his confidence.

But all complications are resolved when Sebastian and Viola meet face to face. Olivia holds to her contract with Sebastian, the Duke claims Viola as his bride, Malvolio is released from the dungeon to which in sport Sir Toby and the others had committed him, and Feste sings of the changes brought on by the whirligig of time.

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

The Audience is asked to imagine that the Stage Setting represents the following Scenes:

Act I Scene I Orsino's Palace
II Street Scene in a Sea-port
III Olivia's House
IV Orsino's Palace
V Olivia's House

Act II Scene I A Street
II Olivia's House
III Orsino's Palace
IV Olivia's Garden

Act III Scene I Olivia's House
II A Street
III Olivia's Garden

Act IV Scene I Olivia's Garden

Place: A City in Illyria Time: Sixteenth Century

The Audience is requested to remain seated until the close of Feste's Song.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Orsino, <i>Duke of Illyria</i>	E. E. Plumley, '19
Curio	S. D. Loomis, '17
Valentine	L. R. Witsil, '18
Viola, <i>in love with the Duke; in disguise, Cesario</i>	Paulina Smith, '18
A Sea-Captain, <i>Friend to Viola</i>	F. E. Proctor, '19
Sir Toby Belch, <i>Uncle to Olivia</i>	Irving Reynolds, '18
Maria, <i>Confidant to Olivia</i>	Thera Twitchell, '19
Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, <i>a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia</i>	G. W. Wilson, '19
Feste, <i>the Clown, Servant to Olivia</i>	C. L. Weigle, '18
Olivia, <i>a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke</i>	Marion Campbell, '18
Malvolio, <i>a fantastical Steward to Olivia</i>	W. H. Savin, '18
Fabian, <i>Servant to Olivia</i>	R. B. Wheeler, 2d, '18
Sebastian, <i>a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola</i>	Herman McKay, '19
Antonio, <i>a Sea-Captain, Friend to Sebastian</i>	Howard Bramhall, '16
Servant	G. M. Lang, '19
First Officer	K. R. Bowen, '18
Second Officer	S. A. Hamilton, '19
Priest	M. R. Mitchell, '19
Lords <i>in Attendance on the Duke</i>	I. H. Boggs, '19
Ladies <i>in Waiting on Olivia</i>	G. H. Ferguson, '19
Page <i>in attendance on the Duke</i>	Elizabeth F. Jones, '18
Page <i>in attendance on Olivia</i>	Elizabeth Eggert, '18
Sailors	Katharine McGraw, '19
	Gladys Walton, '19
	J. F. Davis, '18
	Marvel Wilson, '18

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

—Twelfth Night, V. i. 414-417

**SHAKSPERE: BOTH OF AN AGE AND
FOR ALL TIME**
AN ADDRESS
BY
HARRY MORGAN AYRES, Ph. D.

*"Shakspere followed the fashion; he conformed to the changing taste of his theater. Modern scholarship has triumphantly demonstrated this. But in so doing it has only given us the measure of his greatness; for we have in abundance the work of the worthies who set the fashions that he followed, and not many of us read them ** * * * * * * * *

*"Shakspere planned his plays to fit the theater of his day; they do not always perfectly fit the modern theater. There they sometimes creak a bit. But we need not on that account give ourselves wholly over to pity for his crudity and archaism. If the workings creak, it is not with the grinding of an axe. If he sometimes bores us with a set description, a clumsy exposition, a jest that has lost its savor, he at any rate has a story to tell us. He does not bore us with a thesis ** * * * * *

*"These his actors are all spirits; obedient to his Prospero's wand they should go about the business of setting before us the story. For that they exist. But so often one, and then another, comes alive, puts on flesh and blood, and steps forth with all the dimensions of humanity, while beneath his weight the fabric of the plot groans like the skiff of Charon, built for shades, beneath the weight of the living Aeneas. ** *

Shakspere's supreme gift was language—not the Pentecostal gift of tongues, though one should remember that the "small Latin and less Greek" was after all the verdict of one of the chief scholars of that day; but his was a power to use his native speech as none succeeded in doing before him and none has dared since.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb ;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses ;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I will not seek
For names : but call forth thundering AEschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage ; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !*

—Ben Jonson

AFTERWORD

With hearty encouragement and unselfish aid from our friends in the two Colleges and in the community, we have tried in a humble way to celebrate the fame of the master genius of English Literature. To all those who have contributed in any way to the carrying out of the Festival exercises, we here return grateful thanks. Where so many thanks are due, we may truly say with Burgundy, "*Election makes not up on such conditions.*" Our acknowledgment of indebtedness must be at best inadequate. Lest we be thought unmindful, however, of the special help which has so generously been given to us in planning, training, and execution, we wish to record with deep appreciation our obligations to

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Professor F. B. Hills

Professor Mary E. Rich
Miss Marion Butterworth
Professor C. A. McCue

* *

Mrs. Herman R. Tyson

* *

Dean Winifred J. Robinson

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

*Wilbur Owen Sypherd
George Elliott Dutton
Frederick Julius Pohl
Gertrude Elizabeth Brady*

And so here endeth the *Book of The Shakspere Festival* given by the Colleges of Delaware on April Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, at Newark, Delaware ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

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